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## THE DEMOCRATIC VOTE FOR SENATOR.

That four members of the Democratic minority in the New York Assembly "bolted" the caucus nomination of David B. Hill to be United States Senator and cast their ballots for Henry George is an occurrence having importance greatly out of proportion to the number of votes involved. Let us remember that it is the little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump.

Indeed, the full measure of the revolt against Hill in the Democratic party is not expressed by the four votes for Henry George. In caucus ten Democrats refused to vote for Hill, while three remained away, possibly, though not certainly, because they were not willing to vote for the discredited and deposed leader. The history of American politics may be searched in vain for a parallel to this instance of revolt against a United States Senator who held—as Hill unhappily still holds—the party machinery of his State. The men who have led the revolt are the men to whom the Democracy in New York may confidently turn for leadership in future.

Though a man of infinite resource, equally self-confident and self-seeking, Hill may contemplate his present situation with some degree of trepidation. Under his domination of the Democratic party in this State it has gone from bad to worse, until at last it finds itself in an almost hopeless minority. Perhaps he may charge this failure to the revolt against the Chicago platform, but he neither joined nor strove to stay that revolt. After the style of the cheapest politician, he said nothing during the campaign, espousing neither side, one of which must have been honest, but contenting himself with keeping control of the State organization—which he now holds—and fighting the Democratic ticket by treachery and not by overt act. To-day Democrats who stood for that platform properly oppose even a complimentary expression of confidence in him. It is only remarkable that those who took the other side in the campaign do not equally repudiate Hill, the artful dodger, now.

What Senator Guy had to say about his reasons for voting for Henry George deserves emphasis. The Journal quotes in full:

I stated in caucus the reasons why my associates and I could not vote for Senator Hill. As to our selection of Henry George as a candidate, I have this to say: Mr. George represents what is best and most enduring in the Democratic party, the plain, common honesty and intelligence of the great body of the people. He is not an extreme free silverite.

Though a firm believer in bimetallism, in the recent campaign he rendered heroic service to the Democratic cause, uniting the labor interests in support of Bryan, thus making possible the superb results achieved against allied corporate interests, unlimited campaign funds and widespread corruption at the polls.

If any man in the State deserves to be honored by the Democratic party he is the man. He is a ripe scholar, an upright and honorable man, and in all respects the peer of any member of the United States Senate. There have been loud complaints that the Senate at Washington represents too exclusively vested property and corporate interests, and is out of touch with the mass of the people. While wishing to accord to legitimately acquired property every proper protection and safeguard, I think it is time the first step was taken toward introducing into the membership of the Senate representatives of the toilers and producers, the makers of our national wealth, as well as those who have merely acquired it.

I hope yet to see the day when Henry George, or some one who as truly represents the people, shall be the duly accredited Democratic representative from this State in the United States Senate.

The progress of the New York Democratic party from bosses like Hill to earnest support of leaders like Henry George would be advancement from serfdom to true Democracy. Can it be hoped for in the face of existing political conditions? If the leaders be deferred to the answer must be No. If the people will assert themselves the thing can be accomplished.

In the meantime it may interest those who believe in the new Democracy—which is popular politics—to know that the men with pluck enough to antagonize David B. Hill in his struggle for vindication were these:

For Henry George in legislative sessions, Senators Guy and Coffey, Assemblymen Cain and Zurn.

Against Hill in the Democratic caucus: Senators Coffey, McNulty, McCarren, Guy, and Assemblymen Cain, Zurn, Cullen, Coughlin and Schmid.

Not a great many "irreconcilables" perhaps, but enough to suggest to Senator Hill and machine politicians generally that there is a nucleus in New York State for a Democracy which stands for something more than political wire-pulling, subservience to corporations and the aggrandizement of one self-seeking man.

## THE GREAT "PLATT" DINNER.

The dinner ovation at Albany, wherewith the Republican party proposes to welcome back the boss of the New York political machine into the higher domain of politics, if this phrase is not a misnomer in Mr. Platt's case, is an interesting phenomenon. Nearly a thousand guests, it is expected, will greet the hero of the occasion with thunders of jubilation. These men, including the most distinguished men of the party, will give their testimony that they regard Mr. Platt's election as an event of national significance. For this alone is what such an attendance can signify. If it does not mean this, it means nothing.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Platt, whose sole glory it then was to be the henchman of Mr. Conkling, in common with that leader resigned from the Senate in a gust of arrogant petulance over the question of spoils. In common with that of his master, his appeal to the Legislature of his State for re-election and vindication was rejected, and Mr. Platt retired to private life, as thoroughly discredited a politician as ever lived. After so many years of waiting he has at last been "vindicated," and the magnates of his party accept his rehabilitation with something like enthusiasm. How he has accomplished this is an old story, the details of which do not ask for fresh rehearsal. No one can point to any great public act associated with his name. In no sense has he been a leader of public opinion. He has simply developed extraordinary genius as a wire-puller and organizer of a political machine, like those other shining lights, "Boss" Tweed and "Boss" Croker, and he has beaten them at their own game. The one claim which his admirers advance in favor of his ability as a statesman is that his daring and sagacity forced a downright gold plank into the St. Louis platform. But if this be a credit, it is more than an open question whether he does not share it with half a doezn others. Barring this his record is absolutely naked of the showing which goes to make a statesman's reputation. Scrupulously honest and upright as a man, as a factor in public life his work has made for all that is Machiavelian and corrupt in politics.

No fault can be found with Mr. Platt for pursuing his ambition along the lines which belong to his intellectual and moral make-up. It is the reflection on his party which is full of significance. Still more significant is the fact that his triumph over so eminent a candidate as Mr. Choate is made the occasion of such a magnificent demonstration in which Republican potentates from different sections of the country will participate. The Albany dinner function is not the celebration of a party victory. It glorifies the triumph of bossism and of machine politics over the better and purer constituency of Republicanism, and it does it with a blare of trumpets, as of some noble and stirring fete. Had Mr. Platt's victory passed as one of the ordinary vicissitudes of politics, its evil omen would have been greatly less. It is depressing that the party, which has always posed as the party of great moral ideas, should have seized the event as worth a celebration swollen to a matter of national bigness by the names of those who have received and accepted invitations. It is one out of many signs indicating the degradation of a great historic party.

## THE CURSE OF TUBERCULOSIS.

It is understood that the Board of Health of this city proposes to ask for a large appropriation with which to erect and maintain a hospital devoted exclusively to the care and treatment of tuberculosis or consumption of the lungs. It is to be the largest hospital in the world, furnishing accommodation for 9,000 inmates.

Tuberculosis is the scourge of modern civilized peoples. It causes more deaths than any one single disease, 91,270 persons dying from it in the United States during the year of 1880. A person who contracts tuberculosis has sustained an accident; as much an accident as if he should fall from a Broadway car and break his leg. This may seem an extravagant statement, but in the light of present scientific knowledge it is nevertheless true.

The disease is always caused by the introduction into the lung from without of the specific germ—the tubercle bacillus—from some infected person or lower animal. And such introduction is the accident. Once it finds a lodgement it begins to propagate and form colonies, and the destruction of the lung tissue begins. The old doctrine of heredity, viz., that certain individuals of families were born with the disease in their systems, by inheritance, was an error. The part heredity plays is this: Certain individuals and families are born with a lack of resisting power to this bacillus, and once it, by accident, enters the lung of such an one it finds itself in congenial soil and the system can offer little or no resistance to its growth and development.

Cattle suffer from tuberculosis as well as man, and the use of the flesh and milk as food from tuberculous animals is a frequent cause of the disease. Children are especially susceptible to this source of infection. If all milk was thoroughly boiled, thus destroying the bacillus, many cases of tuberculous glands and joints—i. e., white swelling, hip joint disease, etc.—would be prevented among children. A large percentage of the herds of this State and Massachusetts—the only States which have a regular system of inspection of cattle—are found to be tuberculous. These diseased animals are destroyed and paid for by the State when found, and to that extent the source of infection is lessened. But the dairy products used by New Yorkers come from all over the country, so, little relief can be expected as a result of the sporadic though laudable efforts of these two States to stamp out this pest. If all the States and the National Government itself would join hands in a systematic crusade against this worst foe of our people the disease would soon disappear as small-pox, yellow fever and cholera have done.

If a foreign nation should kill 91,270 of the people of the United States and wound ten times as many more each year with bullets all the resources of the country would be used to drive out the invader. Congress would not have to be asked to appropriate money for such a war. But so far Congress has refused to do anything, though urged by the highest medical authorities, looking to a systematic and efficient effort to rid the country of tuberculosis.

It is small comfort to know that this annual slaughter of our people is by enemies in the shape of bacilli, and not by men with guns in their hands.

The other and principal source of infection is by means of the expectoration of persons already suffering from tuberculous consumption of the lungs. While the sputum from the lungs of a consumptive remains moist the bacilli are held entangled in the mucus. But after the sputum dries and becomes powdered it mingles with the dust of the street or room, and the bacilli may be breathed into the lungs of any passer-by. Any effort of the Board of Health of this city to lessen the number of sources of infection is laudable, and it may get its nine thousand capacity hospital and remove that number of bacilli producers from among us, but the results will be small in proportion to the expenditure, so long as each carload of meat and dairy products which reaches this city is allowed to contain its quota of bovine tubercle germs.

If an ordinance could be passed and enforced by the Health Board requiring that all milk be thoroughly boiled and all meat thoroughly cooked before they are used for food it would go far to lessen the necessity for a great hospital for the segregation and control of consumptives.

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It seems that Sherman will go into the Cabinet provided Mr. Foraker's hired man, who is holding the position of Governor of Ohio, will agree to appoint that eminent Tribune of the People, Mr. Mark Hanna, to the vacancy that will be caused in the United States Senate. This is but one of the many little incidents which are keeping step with the return of prosperity.

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For the balance of his term he will be known as Mr. Secretary Thurber, the word "private" having been eliminated from the title by action of Congress. It may seem unfair to rob Mr. Thurber of even one section of his title, but as there are but a few more days of Thurber in stock the country will doubtless become reconciled to the new state of things.

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In these days of rapid mind changing on the part of our statesmen it is rather difficult to place them. For instance, will John Sherman stand by his last Cuban opinion or will he have a new one when he assumes his new official duties?

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Hon. Roger Q. Mills used to be considered one of the political idols by those persons who make a specialty of worshipping at the Cleveland shrine. Now the Texas statesman is experiencing the most poisonous sting the Cuckoo can inflict.

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The gentleman who is filling the office of Governor of Ohio through an arrangement with Mr. Foraker is not warming up to the proposition that he appoint Mark Hanna as John Sherman's successor in the United States Senate. There may be a disappointment in store for Mark.

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John Sherman declares that a man should not stay in public life too long, and cites Senator Morrill as an example. There are people who think Mr. Sherman would not have injured the force of his declaration by selecting an example nearer his own age.

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According to Governor Black's way of thinking, opposition to the appointment of Lou Payn to the head of one of the most important branches of the State Government comes under the head of "intolerant clamor."

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The new Governor of Missouri denies that it is his intention to inaugurate a full dress regime in official circles. The new Governor of Missouri is a candidate for re-election.

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There is but little time in reserve in which Mr. Bayard can be officially ashamed of the people he has been misrepresenting

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Mr. Jim Corbett declares prize fighting is not the least bit dangerous, and Mr. Jim Corbett is a portable illustration of the truth of his declaration

## A Moment with the Chappies.

Breakfast in dudedom yesterday was late and light.

Even the Old Guard didn't show up until the afternoon, and its orders were generally for boiled salt mackerel and strong coffee.

Some of the younger chappies didn't want to eat at all. Drug stores were far more attractive to them than restaurants, and the fizz of bromo-seltzer was infinitely more appetizing than the aroma of the most delicate and most carefully prepared viands.

Of course the cause of this prevalent dark brown taste was the French ball. French balls always have that effect, but yesterday the taste was darker and browner than usual.

There had been too much Chapman. And because there was too much Chapman there was too much champagne.

At first glance this may seem a paradox, but the truth is, Chapman's presence made champagne a necessity. Drinking was the only thing he would permit.

Chapman is the greatest anti-temperance force in the community. To forget the load of his presence one must take on a load of something else.

And so it came about that rum ruled at the French ball, and remorse held sway yesterday. Chapman was to blame for it all.

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I fancy that in this condition of things I see the doom of the French ball.

One doesn't need to pay to go to the Madison Square Garden merely to drink champagne; and surely no one would prefer champagne with Chapman to champagne without him.

Every chapple that I saw yesterday declared that the ball was dull.

It was worse. It was a bore. For fifteen years I have seen the annual bal masque of the Cercle Francaise de l'Harmonie, and in that time it has shrunk from a carnival to a carouse.

Monday night scores on scores of the toughest-looking citizens stood about the promenade with hats and overcoats on and with cigars tip-tilted in the corners of their bulldog mouths.

They made no pretence at costume or evening dress and were evidently too poor or too mean to buy hat checks.

They may have been Chapman's men out of uniform, but whatever they were they made the place look commoner than Tammany Hall during an East Side "spiel" and cast a heavier gloom than the whiskers of Chapman himself.

That is the sort of thing the chapples won't have. Some of them will stay till the crack of doom in the vain hope of seeing the tough woman, but when the tough man is en evidence, they want to go home.

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My dear young friend, Mr. Leonidas Westervelt, was there, possibly to emulate the example of that distinguished litterateur, Mr. Stephen Crane, and obtain material for a novel for a play.

The stalwart son of a United States Senator was devoted to the prettiest girl in the place and a dozen other callow youth were cutting heir teeth in—I had nearly said crime, but it isn't as bad as that.

Philadelphia sent over its most rapid exponents, and Albany, New Haven, Newark and Bridgeport were amply represented. But New York lolled through it. The chappies were on hand, but even Otero didn't interest them.

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As for myself, I may say that I was amply repaid for the time and trouble of going. I didn't care anything about anything until I was confronted by a red-haired woman in a black domino, who was accompanied by a taller woman dressed as a nun.

My interest did not awaken then until I was informed that the black domino was the wife of one of the wealthiest and most prominent yachtsmen in the metropolitan district, and that the nun was a well-known society woman from the West.

After that I was all eyes to see how such women would act in such surroundings. I do not remember to have seen women of their class mingling with the riff-raff of a French ball before.

They played their parts well. After watching them closely for two hours, in which time I conversed with them without an introduction, I was forced to the conclusion that if I had not been told who they were I should never have suspected that they were ladies.

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But enough of the French ball. For the sake of certain men interested in it I could hope that it might attain its former importance as a diversion for dudedom. With Chapman I fear this is impossible. With the undressed toughness that was so conspicuous Monday night I know it is impossible.

Naughtiness is one thing; but the deadly, dirty commonplace is another and quite beyond toleration.

The chappies can stand costumes of butterfly wings and gauze, but they can't stand old pot hats and second-hand topcoats at every turn of the promenade.

The French ball ought to be the playground of fairies, not a congregation of cock fighters.

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Mrs. William C. Whitney's large dinner last night was a highly enjoyable entertainment. The long list of guests was headed by Bishop and Mrs. Potter, and included many of the best known people in New York.

Last week Mrs. Whitney gave a birthday dinner to herself, which was as delightful as it was unusual.

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Mrs. Oliver Belmont's presence at Mrs. Jack Astor's ball Monday night establishes the neutrality of the Astor influence in the Belmont war.

I thought that Mrs. Jack would hardly refuse to follow the example of her mother-in-law with regard to Mrs. Belmont, although it was gossipped that she would.

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The selection of Worthie Whitehouse to lead the cotillon at Perry Belmont's dance to-morrow night deprives Mr. Bourke Cockran of that honor, but Mr. Cockran will be at the ball, and in time, I dare say, he will enter the lists with 'Lisha Dyer and the other cotillon leaders.

Mr. Cockran is a trifle heavy just now for sartorial pre-eminence, but he appears to be in training. Nothing is impossible to a man of resources.

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Ed Crowinshield, one of the cracks of the St. Nicholas Club's hockey team, is laid up with water on the knee. "Willie Wallie" Astor's saddlebags are for sale. Queen Victoria always drinks whiskey and water with her dinner, the French ball is over, God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives.

What more do you want for a penny?

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

## LITERATURE BY PRISON CONTRACT LABOR.

THE enforced idleness of State Prison convicts has led some of the large manufacturers and dealers to seriously consider the advisability of giving employment to some of them in the different branches of their literary establishments.

Mr. Bok recently purchased a quantity of "Just Among Ourselves" goods, but found them to be inferior in quality to the samples from which they were ordered, so he refused to accept them, and they were subsequently sold at a reduced rate to Mr. Peter Parley, who is now editing the Sunday supplement of the New York Times. The Harpers have been more successful, having had more experience in this peculiar line. It is an open secret that the ten acres of historical and other foreign matter contracted for two or three years ago and signed with the nom de plume "Poultney Bigelow" are really the work of a gang of long-term men in the Kings County Penitentiary, while fully half their poetry comes from the same institution.

Not long ago, however, the long-termers, hoping by working overtime to secure a little money for themselves, prepared and offered to the proprietors of the Franklin square foundry a short story, which they were compelled to decline because they did not like its moral. The story is as follows and is called:

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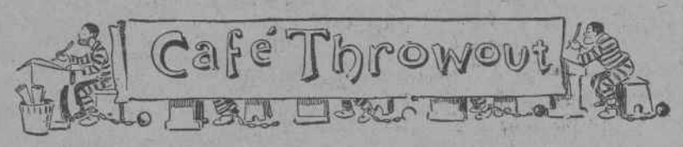



### Or, The Hey Rube's Dream.

It was a cold, blustering night in the very heart of the bitter month of January, and the stranger who entered the front door of the Cafe Throwout, on Sixth avenue, let in after him a fierce gust of wind that brought a chill to the two men who were seated at a table in the corner, engaged in earnest conversation, and caused the bartender—the only other occupant of the room—to look up quickly from the sporting paper which engrossed his attention and closely scan the face of the newcomer.

"Gimme a hot apple toddy, an' put a little nutmeg on the top of it," said the newcomer as he dropped into an armchair by the stove and stretched out his hands to catch some of the genial warmth.

The bartender silently prepared the drink, and the two men in the corner continued their conversation, but in lowered tones and with less eagerness than before, for both of them were sharply watching the new arrival. It was a strange pair to find in a Tenderloin barroom, and it was not easy to conceive of two men, differing so widely in appearance and manner, having anything in common. The elder of the two wore a black broadcloth suit of clerical cut, deaconish whiskers of iron gray, a white lawn tie and a mouth so devoid of expression that its owner was perfectly safe in exposing it without the precautionary covering of beard or mustache. His companion looked as if he might have come in that very afternoon, in his best clothes, from some point midway between Rochester and Elmira. He wore a checked suit of distinctly provincial cut, a cloth cap similar to those worn by rustic milkmen on cold mornings, a high, turndown collar and no cravat, and, for ornament, a rather conspicuous bit of jewelry which might have been an heirloom known to the family as "gran'pa's buzzom pin."

*"I wonder what his graft is?"*

As the bartender handed the hot drink to the man beside the stove, the clergyman whispered in a low voice to his companion, "I wonder what his graft is."

"Graft, nothing!" retorted the other; "there's one of him born every hour—didn't I tell you? Look at the roll he's flashing up! He handles money as if he'd never heard of the Cafe Throwout before."

It was true. The newcomer, in paying for his drink, had drawn from his pocket a large roll of greenbacks, displaying them as carelessly as if he had been in a banking house instead of in one of the most famous resorts for smart people that the Tenderloin precinct contains.

Of course by this time the reader has discovered that the man in clerical garb and his companion of provincial aspect were "smart" people, each working his own particular graft with skill and success. The faces of both brightened when their eyes fell upon the newcomer, who was a sucker of the kind sometimes sent by a beneficent Providence to his afflicted people in times of drought.

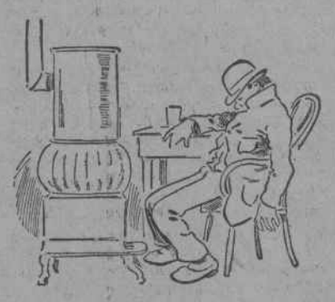
The elder of the two men was known to those who contributed to the orphan asylum that he conducted in Dreamland, as the Rev. William Cassock, but the workers of the town called him "Soapy Sam." His companion's face adorns the largest and most interesting gallery of portraits that the city contains and is labelled in the catalogue and explanatory text book pertaining to the gallery, "Crooked Charlie, the man of many grafts."

The two had, indeed, known hard times since the close of the Summer and were now in no mood to let any stranger go unscathed. A sudden gleam of intelligence came into "Crooked Charlie's" face and at the same moment a bright light gilded the tips of the Rev. William Cassock's iron gray whiskers.

"Gimme another o' them toddies and don't forgit the nutmeg," cried the stranger, and then the two smart people rose in their places and made a mysterious signal to the bartender.

As the sucker by the stove slowly sipped his second drink the red-hot iron in front of him changed into the glowing base of the old wood-burner that has warmed two generations of loafers in the little manufacturing town of Bilkville Centre, Conn. He could hear the voice of old Hiram Goodsell inviting him to a game of "setback" in the back room of the tavern, and then some invisible force bore him up to the big hall over the school house, where the firemen's ball was in progress, and he found himself balancing to corners with Mirandy Tucker, her that was a Larrabee.

"Cross over! Cross back! Balance all and swing your partners!" chanted old Bill Cady, and the sucker went swinging down the room and out into the cold field and across the snow to the railroad train which whirled him on to New York. He was filled with glad anticipations; he would go to see Lydia Thompson, he would plunge into the heart of the gay and beautiful Tenderloin where the corks pop merrily all night long and the ivory chips rattle and the music of the banjo and piano fills the air. Yes, here was New York at last, and here was the kindly old gentleman, known affectionately as Grand Central Pete, who has directed the urban revels of many a lonely stranger. The old man welcomes him and explains that the city pays him to look after unsuspecting visitors and keep them from being robbed before they get to Forty-first street. Arm in arm, the two bend their steps toward what is believed in the provinces to be the merry quarter of the town, stopping only at a saloon to enable the sucker to change a counterfeit twenty-dollar bill for an obliging gentleman who hopes he will enjoy his stay in the city.



*He is living over past delights.*

They are in the midst of gayety now, and as he sits there by the stove, unconscious of where he is, he is living over again the delights of many memorable nights in the great metropolis. He hears the glad strains of piano, the merry shouts of feminine laughter and sees the whirling skirts and flying feet of myriad fleet dancers. His throat is parched and he must have wine, and so must they all, at his expense. Kindly faces cluster around him, kind hands help to pull his money from his pocket and, lest he should lose them, his watch from his fob, his rings from his fingers, his pin and studs from his shirt, these are indeed swift passing, merry hours——

"Have to wake up, sir; it's 1 o'clock, and I've got to close up! Didn't you have a watch chain on when you came in here first?"

It is the bartender who has broken the spell, and the sucker's glad dream is over.

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"Well, suppose you take the watch, and I'll take the pin and studs, and we'll divide the sleeve buttons," says Crooked Charlie to his companion as the two enter a saloon a few blocks away from the Cafe Throwout.

"That's all right, that's all right," rejoined the Rev. William Cassock, as he stuffs his share of the bills away in an inside pocket, "but in the mean time let us not forget that the same Providence that caused the manna to fall in the desert and sent the ravens down to feed Elisha brought this sucker to the Cafe Throwout and cast over him the mystic spell of deep, painless sleep. By the way, let me compliment you on a certain detail in your make-up which has attracted my attention. I notice that you wear one of those dude collars, without either cravat or pin. That is in keeping with your part. A jay would be content with such a collar, but one of us would get a cravat and pin first."

JAMES L. FORD.

## THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music..Two Little Vagrants
American Theatre....Captain Impudence
Bijou.....Courted Into Court
Broadway Theatre.....Shamus O'Brien
Broadway Music Hall.....The Geezer
Columbus Theatre..The Minstrel of Clare
Casino.....An American Beauty
Daly's.....Much Ado About Nothing
Empire Theatre.....Under the Red Robe
Eden Musee.....World of Wax
Fifth Avenue....A Social Highwayman
Grand Opera House.The Sporting Duchess
Garrick Theatre.....Secret Service
Garden Theatre.....Heartsease
Hoyt's Theatre.....A Contented Woman
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris
Harlem Opera House.....Sue
Huber's 14th St. Museum.....Vaudeville
Irving Place Theatre.....Das 1x1
Keith's.....Continuous Performance
Koster & Bial's.....Vaudeville
Knickerbocker Theatre.....Caste
Metropolitan Opera House..Grand Opera
Murray Hill.....A Run on the Bank
Olympia—Music Hall, Vaudeville, 8:15 P. M.; Winter Garden, Bal Champetre, 11 P. M.
People's Theatre.....On the Bowery
Pastor's Theatre.....Vaudeville
Pleasure Palace—Music Hall, 1:30 P. M. to Midnight.
Proctor's 23d St.—Continuous, Noon to 11 P. M.
Star Theatre.....A Boy Wanted
Third Avenue.....The Dear Irish Home
Wallack's.....Kismet
14th St. Theatre.....The Cherry Pickers

## Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

This is now the open season for the mysterious Cuban refugee who has just escaped from the war-tortured island with important secret dispatches concerning future movements of the enemy. Park row is alive with him these days, and he nightly haunts the editorial sanctums with deep and impenetrable mystery attending his every word and action.

While waiting to be admitted to the man who buys exclusive dispatches, smuggled all the way from Cuba to New York in an open whale boat and during the roughest weather ever known at this season of the year, the secret emissary drops aggravating hints of the horrors of war and the tortures he has endured in Spanish prison pens. As he speaks of the wrongs endured an ominous flush mantles his swarthy face and a deeper crimson creeps into the scar on his cheek, which he says was made by a sword in the hands of a Spanish general. Sometimes a machete caused the disfigurement, but no matter how he got the scar the refugee is always received with distinction on account of it.

On being admitted to the editor the bearer of important news assumes a still more mysterious air. He insists that no one else shall be present during the negotiations for the sale of news, and then when alone with the editor he announces that the precious document is locked in a safety deposit vault somewhere uptown. Owing to the immense value of the dispatch and the prevalence of Spanish spies, the refugee is afraid to carry the treasure on his person. However, if the terms are satisfactory he will run the risk of delivering the package next day.

Before leaving the refugee timidly produces a box of cigars from under his coat. The lid is richly embossed with gold paper and Spanish characters burned in the wood.

"I also smuggled in a few boxes of these Perfectos," whispers the refugee, "and I'll sell you this box cheap if you promise not to make trouble for me."

The chances are the editor takes the box, paying $4.50 for the cigars, when he could buy the same brand of Early Grave 5 centers at the factory in Mott street for 90 cents.

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The career of Cora Routt illustrates the enormous possibilities that New York affords to a young girl who comes here with ambition, backed by a certain amount of dash and good looks. Miss Routt is one of the thousand or more young Kentucky girls who were lured into the dramatic profession by the success of Mary Anderson, and she is probably the only one of that vast number who made a bee line for the vaudeville stage without stopping on the way to dally with Juliet or Parthenia. Some of the Juliets of other days are now doing "turns" at the continuous shows, and it is possible that this young lady may grow into a Juliet in the fulness of time. Her first engagement here was at Proctor's Pleasure Palace last Fall, where she appeared, without even having her name on the programme, in an "extra turn," as it is called, being simply employed to fill up a gap in the performance. She won applause from the Proctor audiences from the very start, and before her week was out her success had affected her in the same way that it does certain other members of her profession. She became conspicuously "fresh" and was induced to transfer herself to other playhouses. She began at $25 a week, and up to the time of the Seeley dinner was worth about three times that amount, for, although she cannot sing, she possesses a certain charm and go that are well liked by the public. The fame that she looted from the Seeley banquet and the subsequent proceedings before the Police Commissioners will serve to increase her value to about $125 a week, which illustrates the proverb about the ill wind blowing nobody good.

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The Rankin family have been identified with dramatic matters of one kind or another for more than a quarter of a century. McKee Rankin was a member of the old Union Square Theatre company and identified with many of its greatest successes. His wife, Kitty Blanchard, was also a member of that famous organization, and the couple afterward starred together throughout the Union for many seasons in "The Danites" and other plays that afforded scope for their talents. They built the Third Avenue Theatre and sunk a good deal of their fortune there, and lately McKee Rankin, his daughter and her husband, Mr. Sydney Drew, have been drawn into the continuous performance whirlpool. The younger daughter, Phyllis, had long since come to regard herself as a young woman of no dramatic ability, which indicates a curious state of mind for a member of a theatrical family. She retired from the stage and turned her attention to other pursuits. These failing, she reluctantly accepted an offer to appear at Weber & Fields's in an imitation of Fougere, and then it was discovered that she had ability of a marked order. Miss Rankin will probably continue in the line in which she has found instant popularity, but she should learn two or three new songs.

## Another Spanish Victory.

O'er the windy wave apace
Sailed the Spanish ship with grace,
And a bright smile lit the face
Of the "dago."
But before a parting swig
He could take he danced a jig
On the clouds, when split the big
Relam-pago.

Yea, he did a lively dance,
With no glamour of romance,
Nor as one who feels the lance
Of lumbago;
But came down as best he could,
Till beneath the wave he stood
On his head upon the good
Relam-pago.

Oh, the Cubans, all elate,
Shouted loud—they couldn't wait!
"What a pudding—what a great
Big sapsago!"
And they knocked the swimmers cold
As upon the waves they rolled,
Who had served upon the bold
Relam-pago.

'Ne'er again she'll sail the sea,"
Howled the Cubans, fancy free;
"Ne'er she'll screech in brazen glee,
A vi-rago."
And I'd sing you something more
That might make the Spaniards sore,
But I'm short on jingles for
Relam-pago.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

### Weyler Is Confident.

[Detroit Tribune.]

General Weyler talks like a man with supreme confidence either in himself or the inability of the correspondents to get at the facts.